

SENIOR BOOK



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1902

The First Class of

Simmons College

1906



HELEN CASHMAN, Chairman
MINERVA HUBBARD
HELEN HUNT

Committee

MARY E. RATHBUN
M. AGNES REARDON
M. LOUISE SMITH

Boston, June 12, 1906

WHITE PRESS, BOSTON

Simmons College Library

PHOTOS BY ELMER CHICKERING

.. *THE FACULTY* ..

HENRY LEFAVOUR, PH.D., LL.D.


President

SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD, A.M.

Dean



Harry & Favour



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.. *THE FACULTY* ..

JAMES FLACK NORRIS, PH.D.

Professor of Chemistry

FRANK EDGAR FARLEY, PH.D.

Professor of English

THEODORE HOUGH, PH.D.

Professor of Biology

JEFFREY RICHARDSON BRACKETT, PH.D.

Associate Professor of the Theory and Practice
of Philanthropic Work



.. *THE FACULTY* ..

ALFRED BULL NICHOLS, A.B.

Associate Professor of German

EDWARD HENRY ELDRIDGE, A.M.

Assistant Professor of Shorthand and
Typewriting

REGINALD RUSDEN GOODELL, A.M.

Associate Professor of Romance Languages

MARY ESTHER ROBBINS

Assistant Professor of Library Science



.. *THE FACULTY* ..

FOY SPENCER BALDWIN, PH.D.

Instructor in Economics

HARRISON HITCHCOCK BROWN, PH.D.

Instructor in Physics

ROBERT MATTESON JOHNSTON, A.M.

Instructor in History

HESTER CUNNINGHAM, A.B.

Secretary





Pictures of Students

1. JOSEPHINE ABBOTT.
 (*Secretarial School.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Lawrence, Mass. Home address, 25 Hanover St., Lynn, Mass. Prepared at Lynn Classical High School. Committees; Class Social, 1903; Freshman Party, 1905. Freshman Dance; Commencement.

2. FLORENCE STRATTON ALLCHIN.
 (*Library School.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Osaka, Japan. Home address, 31 Kawageichi Cho, Osaka, Japan. Prepared at Oahu College, Honolulu, H. I., and at Newton High School. Leader of Glee Club 1904-6. Member of committee on music for Guild.

3. WINNIFRED HUNTER ASHLEY.
 (*School of Household Economics.*)

Born in New Bedford, Mass. Home address, 36 Morgan St., New Bedford, Mass. Prepared at New Bedford High School. Member of Senior Dance Committee.

4. LAURA M. BRAGG.
 (*Library School.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Northbridge, Mass. Home address, Greenland, New Hampshire. Prepared at Amesbury High School and at Lisbon (N. H.) High School.

5. HELEN FRANCES CASHMAN.
 (*Secretarial School.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in West Quincy, Mass. Home address, 49 Cross St., West Quincy, Mass. Prepared at Quincy High School. Committees; Visiting Committee of Student Guild 1905-6; Chairman of Senior Book.

6. EMMA PEASE CONNER.
 (*Secretarial School.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Newfields, N. H. Home address, Newfields, N. H. Prepared at Robinson Seminary, Exeter, N. H. Secretary of Student Guild 1904-5; member of Nominating Committee 1905.





Pictures of Students Continued

7. SUSIE DICKERMAN.
(*School of Household Economics.*)

Born in New Hampton, N. H. Home address, 21 Mill St., Dorchester, Mass. Prepared at Girls' High School, Boston, Mass. Committees; Nominating Committee 1904; Junior Luncheon; Chairman Senior Monthly for November.

8. REBECCA DODD.
(*School of Household Economics.*)

Born in Roxbury, Mass. Home address, Norfolk House, Roxbury, Mass. Prepared at Roxbury High School. Committees; Nominating Committee of Student Guild, 1904; Chairman Student Aid, 1904-5.

9. JENNIE ELIZABETH DUNMORE.
(*Library School.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Cambridge, Mass. Home address, 20 Columbus ave., Haverhill. Prepared at Haverhill High School. Class president Freshman, Sophomore and Senior years; Treasurer of Student Guild 1905-6; Committees; Freshman Party, 1905; Junior Luncheon.

*Jennie E. Dunmore.
Married July 31, 1908 to
Mr. William R. Ham*

10. LUCY MAY ELDER.
(*School of Household Economics.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Lynn, Mass. Home address, 33 Chestnut St., Lynn Mass. Prepared at Lynn Classical High School, State Normal School at Salem, Mary Hemenway Department of Household Arts at State Normal School at Framingham.

11. ANNA HALE ELLIS.
(*Secretarial School.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Braintree, Mass. Home address, 276 Washington St., Braintree, Mass. Prepared at Thayer Academy, Braintree, Mass. Chairman committee for Senior Social for April.

12. EDITH GERTRUDE EMERY.
(*School of Household Economics.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in South Boston, Mass. Home address, 557 Fifth St., South Boston, Mass. Prepared at Girls' High School, Boston, Mass. Class treasurer 1905-6; Committees; Nominating 1905; Senior Dance.



Pictures of Students Continued

13. WINNIFRED SAMPSON FARRELL.

(Library School.)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Bedford, Mass. Home address, Newburyport, Mass. Prepared at Concord High School. Member of Ways and Means Committee.

15. EDITH LOCKE HAMILTON.

(School of Household Economics.)

Born at Duxbury, Mass. Home address, 274 Tremont St., Newton, Mass. Prepared at Newton High School. Member of Committee for Freshman Party 1905.

14. FLORENCE GERTRUDE FINLEY.

(Library School.)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Lynn, Mass. Home address, Park Ave., Bradford, Mass. Prepared at Haverhill High School.

16. ELSIE RAYMOND METCALF.

(Secretarial School.)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Kansas City, Missouri. Home address, 60 Crescent St., Franklin, Mass. Prepared at Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass. Member of Ways and Means Committee.

17. ALICE GERTRUDE HIGGINS.

(Library School.)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Quincy, Mass. Home address, 125 Atlantic St., Atlantic, Mass. Prepared at Quincy High School. Class Treasurer 1902-4; Committees; Amendment of Constitution 1903; Freshman Party 1905; Senior Privileges.



Pictures of Students Continued

18. FANNY REYNOLDS HOWE.
(*School of Household Economics.*)

Born in Brookline, Mass. Home address, 526 Chestnut St., Brookline, Mass. Prepared at Miss Pierce's School, Brookline; Miss Cushman's School, Chestnut Hill, and Miss Winsor's School, Boston.

19. MINERVA HUBBARD.
(*Library School.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Lowell, Mass. Home address, Pasadena, California. Prepared at Miss Caper's School, Northampton, Mass.; Miss Orton's School, Pasadena, California. Private schools of Mademoiselles Nutel and Roux, Paris, France, and of Fraulein Jochene, Dantzig, Germany. Member of Senior Book Committee.

20. HELEN WHITTIER HUNT.
(*Secretarial School.*)

Born in Canton, Mass. Home address, Sherman St., Canton, Mass. Prepared at Canton High School. Member of Senior Book Committee.

21. HENRIETTA MAY HURLEY.
(*Secretarial School.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Rockland, Mass. Home address, Rockland, Mass. Prepared at Rockland High School. Member of Nominating Committee, 1904.

22. GERTRUDE KING.
(*Secretarial School.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Wollaston, Mass. Home address, 41 Day St., Wollaston, Mass. Prepared at Woodward Institute, Quincy, Mass. Class Secretary 1902-3; Committees; Constitution 1902; Class Song; Nominating, 1905; Senior Dance.

23. GRACE MAY KNOWLES.
(*Secretarial School.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Lowell, Mass. Home address, 194 Commonwealth Ave., Concord Junction, Mass. Prepared at Concord High School. Class Treasurer 1904-5; member of Commencement Committee.

*Married Aug. 5, 1908 to
Mr. Enoch G. Bartlett*



Pictures of Students Continued

24. GLADYS EMELINE LITCHFIELD.

(*Secretarial School.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Southbridge, Mass. Home address, 69 South St., Southbridge, Mass. Prepared at Worcester Classical High School. Class Secretary 1904-5; Committees; Chairman of Bulletin Committee; Cap and Gown.

Gladys E. Litchfield

25. EDITH LILLIAN MASON.

(*School of Household Economics.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Savoy, Mass. Home address, Longmeadow, Mass. Prepared at Concord High School. Vice-President of Class 1904-5; Committees; Chairman of Junior Luncheon; Senior Privileges; Commencement.

26. EDYTHE HELEN HANSCOM.

(*Secretarial School.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Haverhill, Mass. Home address, 11 Arlington St., Haverhill, Mass. Prepared at Haverhill High School. Vice-President of Class 1905-6; Chairman of Student Guild 1904-5; Committees; Class Social 1903; Chairman of Nominating Committee 1904; Freshman Party 1905; Junior Luncheon; Senior Dance; Chairman of Student Aid; Commencement.

*Married July 22, 1908 to
Rev. Charles M. Calderwood*

27. MARY MOSELEY.

(*School of Household Economics.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Dorchester, Mass. Home address, 44 Winslow Road, Brookline, Mass. Prepared at Boston Normal School of Gymnastics. Chairman of Visiting Committee of Student Guild, 1904-6.

28. HELEN NORRIS.

(*Library School.*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Newark, N. J. Home address, 66 Chestnut Hill ave., Brighton, Mass. Prepared at Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass. Vice-President of Student Guild 1902-5.

29. HARRIET GARDNER PARKER.

(*Library School*)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Binghamton, New York. Home address, 32 Summer St., Everett, Mass. Prepared at Drury High School, North Adams, Mass. Committees; Nominating, 1905; Chairman Cap and Gown.



24



23



22



27



21



25

Pictures of Students Continued

30. JULIET CLARY PATTERSON.

(School of Household Economics.)

Born at Southboro, Mass. Home address, 8 Montrose St., Roxbury, Mass. Prepared at Miss Ahhott's Private School, Providence, R. I., and Buffalo Normal School. Committees; Welcoming 1903-4; Junior Luncheon, Freshman Party 1905; Chairman of Senior Social for Decemher.

31. MARY ELIZABETH RATHBUN.

(Secretarial School.)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Elizaheth, New Jersey. Home address, 72 St. Stephen St., Boston. Prepared at Rochester (N. Y.) Free Academy. Class Secretary 1903-4; President Student Guild 1905-6; Committees; Chairman Welcoming Committee 1903; Class Paper 1903; member Advisory Board of Guild 1904; Chairman Senior Privilege; Chairman Ways and Means; Senior Book.

32. MARY AGNES REARDON.

(Secretarial School.)

Born in Norwood, Mass. Home address, 97 Railroad Ave., Norwood, Mass. Prepared at Norwood High School. Committees: Senior Book; Ways and Means.

33. LUCY DYER REED.

(School of Household Economics.)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Whitman, Mass. Home address, Whitman, Mass. Prepared at Whitman High School. Member of Ways and Means Committee.

34. LUCILE ELAINE SARGENT.

Born in Melrose, Mass. Prepared at Melrose High School.

35. MARY LOUISE SMITH.

(Secretarial School.)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Concord, Mass. Home address, Concord, Mass. Prepared at Concord High School. Committees: Freshman Party 1905; Junior Luncheon; Senior Book.



Pictures of Students Continued

36. ANNIE ELIZABETH STUDLEY.

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Rockland, Mass. Home address, 105 Market St., Rockland, Mass. Prepared at Rockland High School. Committees: Class Paper 1903.

37. GRACE MARIE SWANSON.
(School of Household Economics)

Born in Lowell, Mass. Home address, 946 Broadway, Lowell, Mass. Prepared at Wheaton Seminary. Member of Ways and Means Committee.

38. ELLA STONE WAITE.
(Secretarial School.)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Bolton, Mass. Home address, Bolton, Mass. Prepared at Houghton High School. Member of Cap and Gown Committee.

39. THERESA BATES WALLEY.
(Library School.)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Boston, Mass. Home address, 3 St. James Ave., Boston, Mass. Prepared at Girls' High School, Boston, Mass. Class Secretary 1905-6. Committees: Amendment to Constitution 1903; Freshman Party 1903; Nominating 1905; Chairman of Senior Monthly for March; Senior Dance; Commencement.

40. EDNA FLORENCE WINN.
(Library School.)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Fall River, Mass. Home address, 337 Washington St., Fall River, Mass. Prepared at Durfee High School, Fall River. Committees: Chairman of Senior Social for February; Senior Dance; Ways and Means.

41. ELEANOR ENDICOTT YOUNG.
(Secretarial School.)

Candidate for a Degree. Born in Woburn, Mass. Home address, 25 Marion St., Dedham, Mass. Prepared at Dedham High School. Class President 1904-5. Member of Committee for Senior Dance.





The Corporation

HENRY LEFAVOUR, Ph.D., LL.D., Boston, *President*

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Professor of English

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Instructor in Typewriting

ZILPHA DREW SMITH
Instructor in Philanthropic Work

PERCY GOLDTHWAITE STILES, PH.D.
Instructor in Anatomy and Physiology

FRANCES SEDGWICK WIGGIN, B.L.
Instructor in Library Science

EDITH ARTHUR BECKLER, S.B.
Instructor in Biology

MAY MORRELL BOLSTER, B.L.
Instructor in Household Economics

MARION EDNA BOWLER (Diplômée de l'Université de Paris)
Instructor in French

LESLIE LYLE CAMPBELL, PH.D.
Instructor in Physics

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Instructor in Household Economics

JUNE RICHARDSON DONNELLY, S.B.
Instructor in Library Science

MYRA COFFIN HOLBROOK, A.M.
Instructor in English

ROBERT MATTESON JOHNSTON, A.M.
Instructor in History

WILLIAM DAWSON JOHNSTON, A.M. (Bibliographer, Library
of Congress)
Instructor in Library Science

SUSAN MYRA KINGSBURY, PH.D.
Instructor in Economic History

ALICE MAY KIRKPATRICK, A.B.
Instructor in Chemistry

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN, A.M.
Instructor in English

ORLANDO CORNELIUS MOYER, B.C.S.
Instructor in Secretarial Studies

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG, A.M.
Instructor in History

Officers of Instruction Continued

MARY ELIZA PARKER, A.M.

Instructor in the Principles and Practice of Teaching

LUCIUS KIMBALL RUSSELL, S.B., A.M.

Instructor in Chemistry

I. HOWLAND JONES

Lecturer on Architecture

WILLIAM STANLEY PARKER, S.B.

Lecturer on Architecture

ABBY L. SARGENT

Lecturer on Cutter Classification

WILLIAM THOMPSON SEDGWICK, Ph.D., (Professor of Biology, Massachusetts Institute of Technology)

Lecturer on Sanitary Science

AMY M. SACKER

Lecturer on House Decoration

ALLEN W. JACKSON

Lecturer on Architecture and Housebuilding

HELEN JACKSON, A.B.

Assistant in Secretarial Studies

FLORENCE LOUISE WETHERBEE, S.B.

Instructor in Chemistry

CLARA ELEANOR HAM, S.B.

Assistant in Biology

CAIRA DOUGLASS HAWKES, A.B.

Assistant in Library Science

LAURA MARIE LUNDIN, S.B.

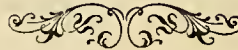
Instructor in Physics

ETHEL STOCKING, A.B.

Assistant in Household Economics

MARY BOSWORTH STOCKING

Assistant in Household Economics





GRADUATE STUDENTS

HARRIET E. BALL, School of Household Economics, Holyoke, Mass.
A.B. Mt. Holyoke, 1904.

LOUISE G. CATON, Secretarial School, Foxboro, Mass.
A.B. Radcliffe, 1905.

ALICE W. CHASE, Library School, Worcester, Mass.
A.B. Mt. Holyoke, 1899.

JANE CONARD, Library School, New Vienna, Ohio.
A.B. Ohio Wesleyan University, 1906.

GERTRUDE C. COULTHARD, School of Household Economics, Frederickton, N. B.
A.B. University of New Brunswick, 1904.

GRACE E. DENNETT, Secretarial School, Arlington, Mass.
A.B. Radcliffe, 1900, A.M. Radcliffe, 1901.

CAIRA D. HAWKES, Library School, Cambridge, Mass.
A.B. Boston University, 1894.

SARAH E. JUDSON, School of Household Economics, New York, N. Y.
A.B. Vassar, 1903.

JESSIE L. KNOWLTON, Library School, West Acton, Mass.
A.B. Wellesley, 1905.

ALICE G. LOTHROP, Secretarial School, Woonsocket, R. I.
A.B. Smith, 1904.

EVA F. MAGEE, Library School, Scottsburg, N. Y.
A.B. Syracuse University, 1903.

CAROLINE MANNING, School for Social Workers, Northfield, Minn.
A.B. Carleton, 1898.

RUTH A. SMITH, Secretarial School, Worcester, Mass.
A.B. Mt. Holyoke, 1902.

GERTRUDE A. STONE, Secretarial School, Melrose, Mass.
A.B. Boston University, 1902.

EDNA M. SWEINHART, School of Household Economics, Sioux City, Ia.
Ph.B. Coe, 1903.

GRACE L. TODD, Library School, Cuba, N. Y.
Ph.B. Alfred University, 1902.

ALMA G. TYLER, Secretarial School, Exeter, N. H.
A.B. Wellesley, 1905.

NORA A. VAN NOSTRAND, School of Household Economics.
B.S. Syracuse University, 1904.

ROSTER OF THE FIRST CLASS OF SIMMONS COLLEGE

(With present Address)

- ABBOTT, JOSEPHINE, 25 Hanover St., Lynn, Mass.
ALEXANDER, JEAN HAMILTON, Bellaire, Ohio.
ALLCHIN, FLORENCE STRATTON, Osaka, Japan.
ALLEN, ALBERTA L. (Mrs. F. B.) 132 Marlborough, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN, LOUISA R., 132 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.
ASHLEY, WINIFRED HUNTER, 36 Morgan St., New Bedford, Mass.
BAGSTER, EMMA A., Hackley Upper School, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.
BALCH, MARY ELIZABETH, Brookline, Mass.
BALDWIN, MARGARET NASH, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
BALLANTYNE, IRENE EDSON, Box 5, Hudson, Mass.
BARRY, CORA V., 382 Centre St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
BEALS, LILLIAN M., 37 Regent St., Cambridge, Mass.
BENT, JESSIE H., 149 N. Beacon St., Cambridge, Mass.
BUCK, BESSIE A., 65 Pleasant St., Stoughton, Mass.
BRADLEY, LUCY WATSON, West Newbury, Mass.
BRAGG, LAURA M., Greenland, N. H.
BRIDGHAM, ELNA S., 17 Hillside Ave., Arlington Heights.
BROWN, ERITH PUTNAM, 118 Brighton Ave., Brighton, Mass.
BURTON, ALICE ELIZABETH, 55 Garfield St., Cambridge, Mass.
CARTER, EDITH L., Newton Highlands, Mass.
CASHMAN, HELEN FRANCES, 49 Cross St., West Quincy, Mass.
CHADWELL, ELIZABETH D., 192 So. Common St., Lynn, Mass.
CHAPMAN, RUTH, 1422 Main St., Athol, Mass.
CHASE, JENNY JOSEPHINE, 110 Concord St., Nashua, N. H.
CLARKE, SUSAN L., 15 Brimmer St., Boston, Mass.
COBB, RUTH DRAPER, 7 Avon St., Cambridge, Mass.
COFFIN, LOUISA WENDTE, Northboro, Mass.
COMER, ANNA S., 4 Douglas St., Winthrop, Mass.
CONNER, EMMA PEASE, Newfields, N. H.
COOK, MARY H., 506 No. Main St., Fall River, Mass.
COX, ADELLE MARION, 29 Webster St., Malden, Mass.
CROSS, LOTTIE B., 14 Upton St., Boston, Mass.
DAGGETT, MARY A.
DAVISON, EMMA ELWELL, 798 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
DAVIS, MYRA LOUISE, 9 Billings Park, Newton, Mass.
DICKERMAN, SUSIE, 21 Mill St., Dorchester, Mass.
DORN, MARGARET ELIOT, Norfolk House, Roxbury, Mass.
DODD, REBECCA, Norfolk House, Roxbury, Mass.
DOUGLAS, ALICE BROOKS, Box 83, Hingham, Mass.
DUNMORE, JENNIE ELIZABETH, 20 Columbus Ave., Haverhill, Mass.
ELLIS, ANNA HALE, 276 Washington St., Braintree, Mass.
ELLIS, MYRA L., 13 Greenough Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
EMERY, EDITH G., 557 Fifth St., So. Boston, Mass.
EVANS, LOUISE M., 88 Linden St., Allston, Mass.
EVERETT, MAUD RUSSELL, 48 Pinckney St., Boston, Mass.
FARRELL, WINIFRED S., Newburyport, Mass.
FENTON, HARRIETTE P., 354 Beale St., Wollaston, Mass.
FIELD, HELEN PROSSER, Newton Centre, Mass.
FINLEY, FLORENCE GERTRUDE, Park Ave., Bradford, Mass.
FLETCHER, Mrs. G. W., Boston, Mass.
FOSTER, AGNES WINSLOW, Brewster, Cape Cod, Mass.
FOUCHER, CLAIRE, 262 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.
FRENCH, KATHARINE, Hotel Victoria, Dartmouth St., Boston.
GODFREY, DOROTHY PERKINS, Hampton Falls, N. H.
HAMILTON, EDITH LOCKE, 274 Tremont St., Newton, Mass.
HAMMOND, GERTRUDE E., 37 Eleventh St., Lowell, Mass.
HANSCOM, ERYTHE HELEN, 11 Arlington St., Haverhill, Mass.
HARKINS, GERTRUDE MARIE, 73 Coolidge St., Brookline, Mass.
HARWOOD, MAUDE DAVIS, Ware, Mass.
HASSELL, FREDERIKA CHRISTINA, Columbia, S. C.
HIGGINS, ALICE GERTRUDE, 125 Atlantic St., Atlantic, Mass.
HINSDALE, KATHRYN MILLS, Yonkers, N. Y.
HOWE, FANNY REYNOLDS, 526 Chestnut St., Brookline, Mass.
HUBBARD, MINERVA, Pasadena, California.
HUNT, HELEN W., Sherman St., Canton, Mass.
HURLEY, HENRIETTA MAY, Rockland, Mass.
JACQUES, OLIVE M., 6 Doane St., Bradford, Mass.
JONES, ELIZABETH B., Concord Junction, Mass.
KENNEDY, H. ANNA, So. Weymouth, Mass.
KERN, Mrs. S. K. (née Richardson), Belmont, Mass.
KING, GERTRUDE, 41 Clay St., Wollaston, Mass.
KNOWLES, GRACE MAY, 194 Commonwealth Ave., Concord Junction, Mass.
LAMPHER, MARCIA ALLEN, 120 Hamilton Ave., Lynn.
LATHROP, Mrs. GRACE COLEMAN., 424 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.
LEMNER, CECILIA A., Hingham, Mass.
LITCHFIELD, GLADYS EMELINE, 69 South St., Southbridge, Mass.
LUARD, LUCY DALBIAC, 200 No. Dithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

Roster of the First Class of Simmons College

- LUCE, EDITH, 61 Marlboro St., Boston, Mass.
MAGRATH, ETHEL, 35 Langdon St., Cambridge, Mass.
MCMAHON, MARY F., 83 Greene St., New Britain, Conn.
MASON, EDITH LILLIAN, Lougmeadow, Mass.
MERRICK, LENA B., Henniker, N. H.
MERRILL, INEZ, Franklin Square House, Boston, Mass.
METCALF, ELSIE RAYMOND, 60 Crescent St., Franklin, Mass.
*MITCHELL, GRACE MARY, Akron, Ohio.
MORRISON, VIDA YOUNG, 80 Florence Ave., Revere, Mass.
MOSELEY, MARY, 44 Winslow Road, Brookline, Mass.
NASH, ALICE MILDRED, So. Weymouth, Mass.
NELSON, DOROTHEA, Marshfield Hills, Mass.
NELSON, ELEANOR MAY, Atlantic, Mass.
MACDOUGALL, Mrs. H. G. (née Miles), Roxbury, Mass.
NORRIS, HELEN, 66 Chestnut Hill Ave., Brighton, Mass.
NOYES, MABEL, 123 Summer St., Newton Centre, Mass.
OLMSTEAD, GLADYS LIVINGSTON, 56 Gloucester St., Boston.
PARKER, HARRIET GARDNER, 32 Summer St., Everett, Mass.
PATTERSON, JULIET CLARY, 8 Montrose St., Roxbury, Mass.
PEEBLES, ELIZABETH STEELE, Wooster, Ohio.
PHILLIPS, MARY N., Sharon, Mass.
POLLISTER, ALMA HODSDON, 2 Atlantic St., Portland, Me.
POTTER, MABEL, 65 Oxford Road, Newton Centre, Mass.
PRICHARD, JULIA ELIZABETH, 239 Upland Road, No. Cambridge, Mass.
RATHBUN, MARY ELIZABETH, 72 St. Stephen St., Boston, Mass.
REARDON, MARY AGNES, 97 Railroad Ave., Norwood, Mass.
REED, LUCY DYER, Whitman, Mass.
RHODEHOUSE, MELINDA A., Santuit, Mass.
RHODES, CARROLL, No. Reading, Mass.
RICHARDS, ELEANOR MAYHEW, Fisher Ave., Brookline, Mass.
RICKER, MARY FRANCES, Portsmouth, Ohio.
- ROTHERY, ROSAMOND FLOWER, Wellesley, Mass.
ROUSMANIERE, MARY STONE, 66 Chestnut St., Boston, Mass.
SANDER, ELFRIEDE M., 15 Orchard St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
SARGENT, LUCILE ELAINE.
SAVERCOOL, BESSIE F. (Mrs. E. M.), 55 Humboldt Ave., Roxbury Mass.
SIBLEY, MARGARET, 18 Grand View Ave., Wollaston, Mass.
SIDERS, EMILY DODGE, 45 No. Beacon St., Allston, Mass.
SMART, MARY F., Lafayette, Ind.
SMITH, MARY LOUISE, Concord, Mass.
SNOW, MARY, 20 William St., Auhurn, N. Y.
STERLING, MARY BANKS, 3 Cedar Park, Melrose, Mass.
STONE, BERTHA RUPPE, Randolph Centre, Vermont.
STRATTON, KATHARINE WALES, 351 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
STUDLEY, ANNIE ELIZABETH, 105 Market St., Rockland, Mass.
SWANSON, GRACE M., 946 Broadway, Lowell, Mass.
TAYLOR, MARY, 294 Walnut St., Brookline, Mass.
THOMAS, Mrs. Wm. S. (née Sage), Johannesburg, So. Africa.
TONER, EDITH PHYLLIS, Portsmouth, N. H.
WAITE, ELLA STONE, Bolton, Mass.
WALLEY, MIRIAM PHILLIPS, 3 St. James Ave., Boston, Mass.
WALLEY, THERESA BATES, 3 St. James Ave., Boston, Mass.
WEBBER, HELEN EVANS, 7 Wellington Terrace, Brookline, Mass.
WEBSTER, FRANCES PHILLIPS, 824 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
WHEELER, SARAH K., Concord, Mass.
WHITCOMB, MARGUERITE A., 1133 Centre St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
WHITNEY, ELINOR G., Boylston St., Brookline, Mass.
WIGGIN, BLANCHE S., Stratham, N. H.
WILDER, CLIO S., 27 Walnut St., Waltham, Mass.
WILSON, MABEL M., Atlantic, Mass.
WINN, EDNA F., 337 Washington St., Fall River, Mass.
YOUNG, ELEANOR E., 25 Marion St., Dedham, Mass.



*Deceased.

A FAREWELL WORD

Thou goest to thy Task, Beloved—
Fare forth, with thy forehead bare;—
Go, lift thine eyes to the morning skies
And still thy heart in prayer;—
Then follow in faith thy chosen path
And thy Task shall meet thee there.

Speak low to thy Task, Beloved,
And this shall thy promise be:—
“Unstinted I pour my life’s best store
And thy strength thou shalt yield to me.”
Thou shalt give in full measure, Beloved,
And thy Task shall keep faith with thee.

Thou shalt sing at thy Task, Beloved,
And thy Task shall sing back to thee;
The deeds that are wrought by thy hand and thy thought—
They shall win new strength for thee;
At thy toil thou shalt hear, oh Beloved,
The truth that shall make thee free.

Go forth to thy Task, oh Beloved!
Fare forth, with thy forehead bare;—
Go, lift thine eyes to the morning skies
And how thy heart in prayer:—
Then follow in faith thy chosen path
And thy Task shall greet thee there.

And thou shalt learn, oh Beloved,
(Thank God for this gift no less)
All the bitter woe that hearts may know
Whose labor no song doth bless;—
Thou shalt know and shalt pity, Beloved
And shalt comfort their sore distress.

Thy need may he praise, oh Beloved,
Or thy Task may he crowned with rue;—
But the Master shall know thy service
If thou to thy Task be true;
Thou shalt lightly hold the count of gold,
For the Master shall measure thy due.

Thou shalt faint not, nor fail, oh, Beloved;—
Drink deep of the well by the way
Whence courage springs, — till thy glad heart sings
And exults in the common day,
With its common Task, Beloved,
In the God-given place alway.

Irish Lore and Anecdotes



The Student Guild of Simmons College

Early in those bright days when the First Class was alone in its glory, a great desire arose for some association among the students, which should bring everybody together for a purpose other than class-room work. In response to this wish, the suggestion was made of establishing an organization which should be called the Student Guild, and should include as members all the students of the College. Through Miss Arnold's hearty co-operation with committees of differing functions, plans were drawn up for organization. Early in the spring the student body met to select the first officers of the new association, who included Miss Magrath for the first president of the Student Guild, as the result of unanimous opinion.

At the first regular Guild meeting, held in April, 1903, interest centered chiefly around the adopting of a constitution. This in its final draft states the aims of the organization to be "to promote mutual helpfulness and service among the students." Miss Arnold, as honorary president of the Guild, was closely associated with all its early activity and helped the students to see the best policy for it to adopt. Before the end of the year came, both Miss Arnold and Dr. Lefavour met the Guild and impressed upon its members the need of using its organized effort for a definite object. Miss Arnold further suggested that the Guild assume the care of a destitute child, who had been placed at Miss Drinkwater's school in Greenwich, Mass. This idea met with approval, and all present pledged themselves to earn a dollar towards the amount necessary for her support during the next year. The care of this child has been continued each successive year since.

The second year marks the beginning of the real activity of the Guild. The tradition of a reception for welcoming new students was instituted early in the fall. Miss Clarke, who succeeded to the presidency upon the resignation of Miss Magrath, labored untiringly to organize the work of the Standing Committees and of the Guild as a whole. With the addition of the second class came the need for some subdivision of the Guild, which was accordingly made by dividing it into chapters of about eighteen members each. This arrangement has been continued with increasing success each year. The question of the desirability of an Honor System for Simmons was agitated in the ranks of the Guild for several months. It was thoroughly explained, warmly recommended and much discussed, yet the results of the voting on it were not of such a nature as to make the Faculty feel justified in granting us self-government in the conduct of examinations.

The third year proved but an echo of the second in the scope and accomplishments of its activity. The reception, sales and small parties were the common occurrences associated with the Guild. Great excitement was aroused over the question of starting a college magazine. The discussion pro and con won over many advocates and more opponents as well, until the final adjustment of the matter was reached in letting it drop. An attempt was made to

GRINDS AND QUOTATIONS

E 1 - 1 Z 2 B 3 + H DU - - OR - "There is something in her manner,
There is something in her smile,
There is something seems to tell us
She is just our style."

K - D - TH E - E C Y "A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

M 2 - H 4 RL 4 Y "Study and ease together mixt."

A ER 2 RU 4 E K 1 N 4 "I am monarch of all I survey
My right there is none to dispute."

G 7 A 4 E K 7 O 4 L 4 ES "She's gone like Alexander
To spread her conquests farther."

Ed 4 T 4 M 2 4 N "A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

J 8 S 4 P 4 I 4 E 4 B 4 O 4 T " 'Tis fortune gives us hirth
But love alone endues the soul with worth."

Lu 4 Y R 4 D "But a smooth and steadfast mind
Gentle thoughts and calm desires."

E 1 E 2 N 4 R Y 4 U 2 G "Though for myself alone I would not be
Ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much hetter,
Yet for you I would be trehle
Twenty times myself."

E LL 2 W 2 IT 2 "Simple maiden void of art."

M 2 R 7 R 2 T - B 2 R 2 "Graceful and useful in all she does
Blessing and blest where'er she goes."

A 2 N 2 S R 2 AR 4 ON "With gentle yet prevailing force
Intent upon her destined course."

H 2 L 2 N C 2 2 H 2 AN "A chronicle of actions just and bright."

E 4 IT 4 H 2 NS 4 O 2 "Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty."

F 2 NN 7 H 2 W 2 Maid demure.

AN 2 IE S 4 UD 4 EY "I am for gold — her golden hair."

G 7 A 4 E SW 2 2 2 N "Fashioned so slenderly."

WI 7 4 F 4 E 4 A 2 H 4 E 4 "She has an individuality."

SU 2 I 4 Dr 2 4 ER 2 AN "Always having a sunny nature
Even in cloudy weather."

E 4 IT 7 H 2 MI 4 T 4 "God hath sworn to lift on high
Who sinks himself by true humility."

H 2 L 4 H 4 T "What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

JU 4 I 4 T P 2 T 4 RS 4 "She doeth little kindnesses which most
leave undone or despise."

A 2 N 4 EL 4 + S "That voice that none can match."

M 2 R 7 Mos 1 2 E 4 "For even tho' vanquished she could argue still."

T 4 ERE 2 W 2 L 4 E 4 "A poet could not hut he gay in such a joc-
und company."
"Late, late, so late! hut I can enter still."

A L 4 E H 4 G 4 I 4 S "I'm armed with more than complete steel,
The justice of my quarrel."

F 4 O 4 E 4 C 4 AL 4 C 4 I 4 "Laughing at this and laughing at that,
And nobody's sure what she's laugh-
ing at."

Ha 2 R 4 E 4 P 2 R 4 ER "When I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

W 2 N 4 F 4 E 4 F 2 R 4 E 4 L "Still waters run deep."

E 4 N 2 W 2 N 2 "There's many a true word spoken in jest,
And of true wisdom, wit's the test."

F 4 O 4 EN 4 E F 4 NL 4 "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower."

GRINDS AND QUOTATIONS

Mr. A. B. — "He will deliver us from the hand of the Philistines."

Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."

"A violet half-hidden from the eye."

"Dead is the air. Throw the windows wide.
For I am nothing if not critical."

"A mind at peace with all below."

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

"The man will cleave unto his right."

"She laughs at her troubles and laughs at her joys
And laughing will meet all her troubles in life."

FOR KNOWLEDGE.—Apply at Secretarial office.
"Knowledge consists in having a stenographer who knows where to find the thing."

WEST WING.—"Sits the wind in that corner?"

Commencement.—"The true beginning of our end."

Dr. B. — "I dote on his very absence."
Prof. E. — "Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

Photographer.—Now, look pleasant, professor.
Prof. N. — "No, this picture is for Simmons College. They wouldn't know me up there if I did."

BIOLOGY 1903-4

A frog he would a-wooing go,
Upon the way they laid him low;
But when Minerva grasped the knife,
Wee little froggie came to life.

REFERENCE 1903-4

Where would you find information regarding the "specie mosquitiana" indigenous to the North Pole? Look in Webster.

Miss C. — "Town Meeting"—Mr. Moderator, I move that the Town of Simmonsville appropriate funds sufficient to build a bridge over Simmons River.

Miss D. — "Does the speaker have reference to the river outside or the one in the haseiment?"

"Implore the passing tribute of a sigh." *Accounts.*

"This is the night that either makes me or fordoes me quite."
The night before finals.

"And what is so rare as a day in June." *June 13, 1906.*

"Doth make the night joint lahorer with the day." *The Simmons Student.*

"Give me hut what this rihhon hound,"
Take all the rest the sun goes round. *Our Diplomas.*

"A weak invention of the enemy." *Exams.*

"Learn to lahor and to wait." *At Simmons.*

"And oft excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault worse hy the excuse." *On Absence Blanks.*

"I cannot hut remember such things were." *Daily Themes.*

"And out of mind as soon as out of sight." *Note books.*

"Confusion worse confounded." *When the Secretarial Seniors changed Typewriters.*

"Let us then he up and doing
With a heart for any fate." *1906.*

INDIVIDUAL POEMS

CLASS POEM.

To our Alma Mater we always will sing,
With true hearts and glad voices so clear;
For the days that were spent 'neath her sheltering wing
Are the days that hold memories dear.
Her joys and her gifts were both precious and free,
And her circle of friendship so wide,
So we earnestly hope that a class we may be,
To stand loyal and firm by her side.

May we treasure our right to so honor her name,
And to serve her with hearts firm and true,
That she always may look on our lives and our fame
With the pride that is justly her due.
For the blessings and love that she shed year by year
Will hind each of us fast to that home;
And our thoughts and our hearts will be with her for e'er,
Even though we may far from her roam.

So here's to our College, the Gold and the Blue,
Guide our steps in thy love as we leave thee.
And here's to our class Nineteen-Six, Oh, he true
To thy motto that Simmons bequeathed thee.
Lucy Dalhiac Luard.

The noon is dark and chilly, and the sky's an ugly gray,
The snow is bleakly driving, it's a hither stormy day,
And we're all just "mighty hungry," after hours of toiling hard;
Before our eyes there rises the five to ten cent menu card.
But that walk it haunts us grimly, we have trodden it so oft
Oh! so wet and cold and nasty, through the slush so vile and soft,
And we gaze across those dump heaps, with that view before our
eyes;
'Tis no wonder at the noon hour there are heard so many sighs.
'Tis a sad and hither choosing, twixt starvation and a cold;
'Tis no marvel we are aging, losing youth in worries old.

TO OUR ALMA MATER.

(Tune of "Home, Sweet Home.")

Dear Simmons, where'er we, thy First Class, may roam,
Our thoughts will turn huck to thee, loved college home.
We'll think of the years we have spent in thy care,
And ever we'll hless thee, our college so fair.
Simmons, our college home,
We'll love thee and hless thee wherever we roam.

When first to the student thy doors were flung wide,
We cast in our lot with thee, new and untried.
We trusted thy promise, we pledged thee our truth,
And well thou hast guided these years of our youth.
Simmons, our teacher, guide,
We'll follow thy leading whate'er may hetide.

In an unbeaten path we have walked through the years,
And have marked out a way with misgivings and fears.
We've groped in the darkness and often have strayed
From the unswerving course that we fain would have made.
Still to thee, mother dear,
Most loyal in heart was thy class pioneer.

Our College, in sadness we hid thee farewell!
What we owe to thy teaching our whole lives must tell.
For counsel, for friendship and memories sweet,
Our hearts' grateful tribute we lay at thy feet.
Dear College Home, farewell!
In lives of true service our love we will tell.
Mary Elizabeth Rathhun.

Tune of "Our Director."

Ought Six, lift up your voices,
And give a rousing cheer
For those we leave behind us
In our Alma Mater, dear!

Teachers, friends and fellow-students,
We hid you all adieux.
Three cheers for our sheepskins,
And fifteen for you!

Individual Poems Continued

Physics

Up the stairs in awful clatter,
Physics victims fly,
Breathing hard in supreme effort,
Bound to win or die.
Hear — the key in lock is turning —
Surely not too late —
Then turn, turn, turn,
'Tis for fun we yearn,
And it does no good to wait.

Hygiene

In the solemn class room waiting,
With the mannikin,
Teacherless, their spirits rose up,
Mid a fearful din.
See — the clock is creeping onward,
Slow ten minutes pass.
Then run, run, run,
No, now she's come,
Dr. B's at the hygiene class.

Running the Gauntlet—Going to Tech.

All the way we see them standing
Ready for the fray,
All of 'Tech. is gathering forces.
For us girls today.
See—the men are nearly tumbling
From the fence to stare!
Then run, run, run
Misery's begun
As we go to our class to-day.

Now no more the men do trouble,
Now no more we see
Anything resembling Tech. men
Near this place to he;
Oh, once more to hear them whistling,
To see their feet heat time!
Then weep, weep, weep,
Misery's complete
As we go to our class to-day.

President's Reception

To the President's Reception,
Duty hound we hie,
And we shake those hands appalling,
Choking many a sigh.
Half a lady's finger swallowed,
Homeward fast we fly,
Oh my, my, my,
Rather let me die —
Receptions — never more.

Individual Poems Continued

The shades of night had fallen
Upon the college halls,
The drowsy watchman paced his rounds
And made his stated calls.

When suddenly a noise arose
Upon the midnight air,
A noise so weird the watchman shook;
To move he did not dare.

He thought of ghosts and rohhrs,
Those things that walk at night;
And then the sound drew nearer,
Till in the lantern light

He saw the dreaded object;
His fears were put to rout.
But his troubles were not over;
The Biology pig was out.

"Precedents are dangerous,"
So they say,

"We will not establish many
Right away.

Give the college time to grow,
It is hest it should be so,
Else our cake will be all dough,
In a day.

"We will carefully consider
As we go.

Faculties and Trustees cannot
Hurry so.

Wait a while and we will see
Just how everything's to be.
In a few years we'll decree
Yes or no.

"Senior Privileges? No,
'Twill not do.
Other classes coming after'll
Want them too.
College Paper? College Play?
Honor System? Nay! Nay! Nay!
Not just now; some other day.
That will do."

There's a land that is fairer than day,
It is known as the Boston Back Bay,
'Tis there they put Simmons,
A college for "wimmens,"
And there it is likely to stay.

There's a dump that is spacious and wide,
It nestles quite close at our side,
No dumping can fill it,
No pumping can still it,
'Tis there and will surely abide.

There's a park that is gorgeous and gay,
It lies temptingly over the way,
But alas 'tis not ours,
And we can't pick the flowers,
And there's nowhere to go when we play.

For one thing poor Simmons still weeps,
It stalks through her dreams when she sleeps,
If only the city
On us would take pity,
And give us a campus, for keeps!

Class Officers for Four Years



1902-3

President JENNIE E. DUNMORE

Vice-President ALMA H. POLLISTER

Secretary GERTRUDE KING

Treasurer ALICE G. HIGGINS

1904-5

President ELEANOR E. YOUNG

Vice-President EDITH L. MASON

Secretary GLADYS E. LITCHFIELD

Treasurer GRACE M. KNOWLES

1903-4

President JENNIE E. DUNMORE

Vice-President ALMA H. POLLISTER

Secretary MARY E. RATHBUN

Treasurer ALICE G. HIGGINS

1905-6

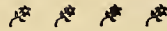
President JENNIE E. DUNMORE

Vice-President EDYTHE H. HANSCOM

Secretary THERESA B. WALLEY

Treasurer EDITH G. EMERY

Programme for Commencement Week



JUNE 10 *Sunday Afternoon at four*

Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. Francis G.
Peabody, D.D. of Harvard University

JUNE 11 *Monday Evening at eight*

Senior Dance at the Fenway Dormitory

JUNE 12 *Tuesday Afternoon at two*

Class Day Exercises at Simmons Hall

JUNE 12 *Tuesday Evening at eight*

Glee Club Concert at the Fenway Dormitory

JUNE 13 *Wednesday Afternoon at three*

Commencement Exercises at Jordan Hall

President's Reception to the Seniors and their
friends at the Fenway Dormitory

JUNE 14 *Thursday Afternoon at half past one*

Class Luncheon at Simmons Hall



History of the Class of 1906

Modesty, my classmates,—not that I would insinuate that we are or ever have been unduly supplied with that much over-praised virtue,—modesty, I say, compels us to leave to others the task of determining what has been our ornamental value. No such sense of delicacy, however, need deter us from looking squarely in the face the fact of our usefulness. How every noble heart quickens at the thought of being of service to posterity! Oh, 1906! Let your joy be great; for down through the ages will your years at Simmons prove an inestimable blessing. Alas, ye maidens of the future *glorious* Simmons! little do you realize to what extent your glory is founded upon our martyrdom.

The first benefit which we bestowed upon our college was that of our mere presence. Do I hear a murmur “Small one that”? Some misguided and malicious Junior, no doubt. I ask any fair-minded person if Simmons could have been run that first year had we not been at No. 38 to sing, “Amen.”

Our first assemblage seems remotely near to us today. On that October morning of 1902 we had come together from far California, from southern Georgia, and above all, from old New England. We had come to open a new college,—come trustingly, hopefully, lead by a great faith. The future was untested, uncertain. In Miss Walley’s words,

“Don’t you recollect the feeling
As we sat there silently,
And gazed at each, a stranger,
Our comrade soon to be?”

It seemed a very simple beginning which we made there in the shadowy reception room at Simmons Hall when President Lefavour, President Pritchett and others told us in a few unassuming words of the purposes and hopes with which we had been called together. But simple as it was, each of us seemed to see a time ahead when Simmons would stand side by side with the best women’s colleges of our land. Right there a warm little feeling of loyalty to “our” college was born in our hearts. It was our pride then even as now, that we had had faith strong enough to bring us to be a part of the experiment, and that we had not waited until success was assured.

The history of the whole student body during 1902 is part of the history of our class, although of the 149 students who entered, only 92 signed our constitution. Unfortunately the minutes of the first year were written in an ink which has now completely faded, leaving only blank pages in the record book. However, we know that the officers were Miss Dunmore, president; Miss Pollister, vice-president; Miss King, secretary; and Miss Higgins, treasurer. That year we organized the Student Guild with Miss Magrath as president, and chose the charter pin which we

History of the Class of 1906

proudly wear. In the spring Miss Arnold and Miss Cunningham gave us a picnic in Miss Cunningham's splendid woods at Milton. The year closed with the President's reception and our class dance in the B. N. S. G. gymnasium. This dance was very kindly allowed on the express condition that it was not to establish a precedent.

Our Sophomore year we entertained the Freshmen and were entertained by them. We also gave them a picnic at Miss Cunningham's woods in Milton. We chose garnet for our class color and the jacquemint rose for our flower. Our officers were the same as during the first year with the exception of the secretary, Miss Rathbun, who served until, much to our sorrow, she left us at mid-years. Miss Dorothea Nelson finished out her term.

That year we made plans for a sleigh ride. We did not have it. We planned a theatre party. We did not have it. There were reasons.

The college colors, blue and gold, were decided upon late in the Sophomore year, and banners were first displayed at the picnic. College spirit began to be a perceptible quantity after we had our colors. Before, it had slumbered or appeared only in feverish outbursts which were promptly suppressed.

Junior year our officers were, president, Miss Young; vice-president, Miss Mason; secretary, Miss Litchfield; and Miss Knowles, treasurer. Again we entertained the Freshmen and a second time called together the entering class. From necessity we deferred our Junior promenade until our Senior year when there would be a hall in which to hold it. The chief class affair of the year was our luncheon at Woodland Park Hotel. There were present nearly all of the class and several not now with us who entered in 1902.

Senior year has been full of plans for graduation. Such recent history does not need summarizing. In December this year we held our Senior Prom in the new dormitory and refectory. In January the Sophomores gave us a delightful reception, and just recently the Juniors have entertained us pleasantly at Miss Arnold's home. Our officers this year are Miss Dunmore, president; Miss Hanscom, vice-president; Miss Walley, secretary; and Miss Emery, treasurer.

We asked this year for those time-honored privileges supposed to be the right of Seniors, but the faculty had not yet completed its experiments in student docility and was unwilling to establish any such precedent. 1906 has always been docile.

A very pleasant feature of this year has been the monthly socials at Simmons Hall to which all 1902 girls have been invited. A striking characteristic of our class is the tenacity with which we have held to our original 1902 membership. According to our constitution all girls who entered in 1902, and none others, belong to the class. We have called ourselves 1902 throughout our four years, and it is only this spring that 1906 has been organized. It has the same officers as has 1902. Of the two class organizations, to most of us, 1906 means little; 1902, everything.

Facts are a great bore, and I am glad to have done with them. As a relief let us wander awhile in the past. We will start by a peep into the reception room at Simmons Hall in 1902. A lively dark-haired lady in a green waist is giving a little motherly talk on the use and abuse of slang. We catch the words, "picturesque vocabulary," and something about a yearning to tuck somebody up in bed at ten o'clock, and about a good-night kiss.

History of the Class of 1906

An hour later this same room is the scene of wildest confusion. Nevertheless, anxious attention is paid to the clock. Ten minutes up, the class in a body rushes for the door, only to fall back meek and crushed as a business-like little woman steps briskly to the desk. Allan brings in the veiled lady. The members of the class proceed to learn how to stand upon their heads if at any time troubled in church with *that faint feeling*.

Assembly came at 12.10. No girl will ever forget those assemblies of 1902, who has heard a chorus of manly voices echo through the clear night air, "Simmons, Simmons,—Amen."

On days when there was no hygiene, a long line of girls would fight its way against wind and traffic down Huntington Avenue and would rush like a stampeded herd into Walker Building. Ah! sad indeed is the fate of the feeble whose utmost efforts proved unavailing. The door of Paradise is locked. "Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now."

Afternoons in 1902 we devoted largely to Lowell Building. I quote from Technique, 1903.

"Prof. — 'Mr. B. —, you may begin to translate at line 11.'

"Mr. B. — 'I haven't prepared this; I wasn't here last time.'

"Prof. — 'That makes no difference. Neither was I.'" No comment seems necessary.

Another glimpse into Lowell Building,— a learned young doctor is saying pleadingly, "Young ladies, if you will only be good for the rest of the hour I will tell you such a nice little story." Few of us in college now, attended this gentle master's classes. I mention him, however, feeling that his long-suffering patience deserves to be immortalized.

Our Sophomore year brought changes. We heralded with acclaim the advent of callow Freshmen whom we supposed it our duty to work into form. We were sorrowful when we found ourselves relieved of, or, to be more exact, forced to forego this duty. Any deficiencies noticeable in the under classes may be attributed to this no-hazing rule which *we* established, a rule which we heartily approve in general, yet consider rather a mistake in our particular case. Our one conspicuous breach of the rule is interesting because of the important laws relative to sound transmission thereby discovered. Dr. Wendell has not yet made public these laws and as I feel that it would be wrong to anticipate him, I content myself with stating that on this occasion, as we learned from reliable authority, people in the subway were deafened for life by the uproar which issued from Boylston Chambers. We were merely teaching the Freshmen how to conduct a class meeting. Our Teddy laid her hat aside during the lesson, and an absent-minded Freshman carried it over to the dormitory. Now Teddy's health was delicate and the weather was most inclement. These considerations, to say nothing of Teddy's Casabianca-like qualities, make it quite evident that Teddy could not go home without her hat. Eight Freshmen had to be excused from dinner, to restore the missing article. Teddy was escorted home in triumph.

Daily themes are the bane of Sophomore existence. Our lives were made bearable that year, however, through the solicitude and patience of our English professor. Patiently he read the thousand variations of each well-worn

History of the Class of 1906

subject, and patiently he pointed out to us the error of our ways. Occasionally, an unusually brilliant "piece de resistance" was read aloud for the delectation of the class. Such a one was Miss Young's "My Other Me" and Miss Higgins' "Consequences."

"Those daily themes, those daily themes,
How long-drawn-out their torture seems,
And so 'twill be when we are gone,
Those mournful themes will still ring on."

(Apologies to Moore)

Our year at Boylston Chambers was marked by a constantly recurring tragedy. What one of us has it not involved? Stated in brief, this tragedy is as follows: Time 8.59 A.M.; a nine o'clock class on the fifth floor and one elevator just starting up — without us.

One more picture before we move on into the new building in the Fenway. Pausing outside a door, a rich voice falls upon our ears, "Whatever may be said to the contrary, I am still firmly convinced that in spite of all mixtures of blood to which the English speaking peoples have been subject, the Anglo-Saxon in us predominates. Let us look it up in Webster. Er-r-r, Webster seems not to be here. Miss Norris, will you kindly bring him from the Library?" Poor Helen! Noah was no feather weight.

These last two years we have been at home in our own beautiful building, and some of us have this year lived in the first permanent dormitory near by. The broad and open campus between the dormitory and college, with its sparkling river and shaded walks, is our favorite loitering place. Occasionally we stray into the wide grounds controlled by the Park Commission, but only to return with fresh delight to the campus. A noble bridge has recently been erected over Simmons River by the citizens of Simmonsville, at a cost I believe of two thousand dollars.

I may seem to have wandered far from my opening premise — for usefulness. This does not trouble me, as I have noticed that it is a little habit common among eminent writers. To return, — it is our class which has done the first things. We have established precedent in many ways; indeed we believe that the rule regarding precedent for succeeding classes stands, "Whatever 1906 has not been allowed to do, that ye may do."

Our greatest usefulness lies in the fact that we have furnished the material for innumerable experiments. What our famous metrician calls, "The experimenting on us" is our chief glory as well as the source of our affliction. These four years the faculty laboratory has been hard at work. Successful results may be seen in the classes which follow us. Classmates, this is a faculty secret and must not go any further, but whenever a new plan is discussed and disagreed upon up in the oak incubator someone is sure to suggest wearily, "Oh, at least try it on '06."

History of the Class of 1906

But we have had compensations. No succeeding class can ever have the personal intercourse with the Dean which was ours when numbers were few, no other can admire as we do, the fine tact and womanly strength of the head of the Library School, since no other can know the discomforts and inconveniences of the school's first year quarters.

The Secretarial School, as well as the Library, suffered many disadvantages because of lack of equipment, but the organizing ability and good nature of its Head made these as light as possible.

Experimenting with biology our Sophomore year, Dr. Hough gave a course in biological reading. This course was one of the compensations. After bearing enthusiastically the eulogies pronounced by those in the course, deep is the regret among all who failed to grasp the opportunity. We have had all too little of Dr. Hough's courses. But regret is unavailing now.

We have come to the end of four happy years. Simmons is no longer an experiment. It has proved its usefulness, but the standing which it is to take among other colleges rests upon its graduates. We, the "first class to enter thy portals so wide," are in these days of leaving, resolving in our hearts

"For thy dear sake our lives shall be more fair."

LAURA BRAGG.

An Inky Glimpse into the Future

Before me stood an immense bottle of writing ink, from which I was endeavoring to fill a “*self-filling*” fountain pen,—one of the kind you screw up tightly and then loose at the critical moment when the ink is waiting to rush in. A lecture was scheduled in five minutes, and one of my youthful horrors being tardiness to class, I was in a great hurry, and therefore seemingly extra clumsy and slow. Suddenly a bell sounded. I jumped, striking the bottle with my elbow, and in a moment a flood of soaking black ink descended upon my highly valued clean blotter. With the exclamation of “Oh! fudge,” which I reserve for the *most* aggravating circumstances, I started to dry up the deluge,—then paused and gazed in blank amazement at what was taking place before me. The ink seemed bewitched. Instead of settling in one damp, ominous blot, it was running here and there in definite lines, forming letters and figures. Was it hallucination (Psychology I) which led me to read in the characters the words “1906 to be?” Hallucination or no, to me it was startlingly plain, and I immediately determined to cut class and to watch proceedings (for a moment, however, pausing to meditate on the necessity of an “absence blank” next day). After “1906 to be” appeared the formation “Let him who runs read,” and with the murmured remark “Let it which runs write,” I glued my eyes upon the fascinating blotter. Before my astounded vision there proceeded a series of the most enlightening scenes I ever witnessed, so detailed and vivid that the voices of the pictured characters easily reached me.

In clear view first I see the outlines of Europe and America, with an immense island of made land half way between them, and upon this isle an imposing structure with some quotation about Wisdom on it. By the architecture (and Mr. Johnston’s course) I recognize the genus library. Slowly the massive doors open, displaying the words, “International Library. Peace is the foundation of Growth and Power.” At the librarian’s desk, hair deceitfully demurely parted, sits a maiden familiar to us all. She peruses — neither a copy of Emerson nor yet of Elbert Hubbard!—but an ordinary telegram which reads “Come and organize our library — name your own price.” Bess calmly takes a pad and decisively writes “Money no consideration to me. Impossible to do what you ask. Am pressingly busy at present deciding the German-American controversy as to whether capitalization in International Library Cards shall follow American or German practice.” I sigh, mentally calculating how much such a telegraphic communication will cost, but as I remember her famous ability to smooth ruffled feathers and to maintain desirable peace, I am confident the point mentioned, so *vital* to the world, will be amicably settled. Bess calmly turns back to the book she catalogues and I can read the title page, in irreproachable form, imprint given, including year of publication, year of meditated publication, year of copyright, time of application for copyright — paging, in Arabics and Romans, etc. The title reads “A simple essay upon the new biological-chemical theory of life.”—author, Laura Bragg.

An Inky Glimpse into the Future

Bess takes a copy of "Who's who anywhere" and turns to the desired entry, which I read over her shoulder, "Bragg, Laura. Well-known American writer. List of works too long for publication. Consult Norris, Helen, Annotated bibliography of American books in last sixty years: Most notable work of Miss Bragg is a reminiscent history of the First Class of Simmons College. Chief book reviewer of America, renowned for rapidity." The last statement does not surprise me as I recollect the appalling number of books she absorbed during the English course. The entry goes on — but the picture fades away and a tropical scene presents itself.

Bamboo houses fill the landscape, palms wave their ghostly handlike leaves, and upon all the sun beats with relentless vigor. It is some time before the geography of my childhood returns enough for me to recognize Cuba. As I meditate on the scene, a figure in immaculate white approaches, the purity of her costume in striking contrast to the dark little figures which cling on every side. Edythe Hanscom, for sure, cool and complacent as ever! I see her enter the schoolhouse and with admiration I note the characteristically systematic way in which she prepares for the day. When all is ready she looks up—removes her glasses—puts them on again—and then speaks. "A pleasant surprise for us to-day;—our Lady Beneficent plans a visit here." Cries of wild joy arise and before they have subsided a very grand equipage sweeps up the dusty road. In simple and majestic manner Gladys Litchfield alights. In a nonchalant fashion she throws a few gold dollars to the eager children (a little of the money she couldn't spend at Commencement), and then she and Edythe become so engrossed in conversation that the latter forgets her reputation as the best disciplinarian in the country and the children giggle and whisper at will. From the chat of the two I learn that Gladys is to found a model school with Edythe in charge. Surely it will be a success!

A smoky, smoky picture merges into shape before me — dim, dusty, dark. Smoke, ah! yes, Pittsburg, and trotting imperturbably down the street comes Harriet G. Parker, casting a "tall, dark," shadow. Under her arm is a neat package of bibliography cards, and I am interested to learn that she has become the renowned bibliographer on — French literature — (some seed in Reference 4 fell on fertile ground!) I am not surprised to know that she is a great favorite with her co-workers, whom she easily and apparently without effort always persuades to her opinion — (one dimple is much more effective than two!)

Then suddenly I am looking at an imposing structure, somewhat prisonlike in appearance. Over the door I read "Home for the Infirm and Feeble-minded" and I am sorely perplexed to decide what member of our class has thus ended a brilliant career. As I enter the building the first person I see is Edith Mason, and I gasp, "Why! I never observed any tendency in this direction in 1906." Then I remember a course in Institutional Management and in Household Architecture, and I realize that Edith is managing this remarkably well-governed institution. The floors are immaculate and with the exercise of my most vigorous lung powers (a fairly severe test!) I cannot raise an atom of dust. The polished woodwork serves as a mirror, and the furniture has that carelessly artistic arrangement which results from long years of training. Ah! Edith, I always knew a remarkable career was before you.

From this exhibition of neatness my eyes are turned to a gaily festive spectacle. Rooms resplendent with flowers

An Inky Glimpse into the Future

are before me, rooms filled with a laughing, joyous crowd. With the characteristic romantic tendency of innocent youth, I immediately conclude that I am viewing a wedding reception, and I feel shivers of ecstatic expectancy, even while I sigh, "I knew some member of our happy throng would be lured from the straight path of wisdom." Then while watching the people throng to and fro, I cogitate on whom I shall see when the bride becomes visible. "Surely, an H. E. girl," I meditate, remembering a famous article in a Sunday paper. But I am wrong, and as I catch a glimpse of the figure in white, I see it is Eleanor Young; sweet, gracious, and charming as always. By her side stands a man whom I shall not describe, whose name I did not catch in the numerous introductions, and upon which I shall not surmise. My attention is attracted in the meantime by familiar faces in the crowd. There comes jaunty Josephine Ahhott, now a teacher of commercial law and accounts, and following very closely is pretty Louise Smith, the charming secretary and confidante of a leading politician of the day.

The next scene is pretty, too, *but then*, Alice Higgins is in it, you know. It is a very full meeting of some club, and as the speaker sits upon the platform, her face wears the habitual expression of complacent dignity. She rises and begins, "To-day I speak upon a subject which has interested me since my student days in one of your leading colleges — 'Public Documents.'" Tumultuous applause, and a talkative listener remarks to her neighbor, "Her specialty, you know." In firm and assured manner our pretty speaker lays down the law for awhile and then concludes, "I shall be glad to answer any objections." Again the loquacious auditor, "I wager she will;—*perhaps* she can't argue," then adding as an afterthought, "but she always is so nice about it, you don't mind the hits."

As I meditate upon the truth of these remarks, the scene fades away, leaving before me a mysterious haze. The shadowy figures, barely discernible through the golden mist, I discover to be Flossy Finley, Ella Waite, Agnes Reardon, Lucy Reid and Winnifred Farrell, but I am completely nonplussed to know why they are thus pictured in gold. Expectantly, like Sir Galahad (a reference familiarized by numerous trips to the B. P. L., with its remarkably swift delivery system) I await an explanation. Then as a hurst of sunshine thro' a gray cloud, an idea comes and I realize why these five are honored in gold. "Speech is silver but silence is golden." "This is in connection with class meetings" I think, and, as gradually the golden cloudiness clears, I see that Florence Finley is conscientiously indexing, Ella Waite writing "Short cuts to sbortband," Lucy Reid "Complicated Cookery," Agnes Reardon "Simplified Stenography" and Winnifred Farrell carefully and apparently happily cataloging.

Suddenly, before I am half satisfied with this fleeting glimpse, a double image appears, and I begin to think my eyes are affected. Why should I see Grace Knowles as two? I am distinctly puzzled, until it penetrates to my cortex (Psychology I again) that the lady in question is standing before a mirror. "But" I cry, "Grace Knowles before a glass, why she *never* thinks about her looks." When I learn, however, that she has become the standard by which portraits of beautiful women are regulated, I do not wonder that she occasionally takes a look at herself.

Next appears before me a hall, immense in size — Symphony would be lost in it — and yet I see this building crowded, people standing everywhere. There is the hush of expectancy until a silver haired figure enters, gowned

An Inky Glimpse into the Future

in black with a wonderful lattice-work bodice of green panne velvet. With a smile, no, a chuckle! she accepts the enthusiastic applause and then raises her haton. The chorus of white-robed damsels rise and as one mighty body fill the hall with their voices. "Marvellous leading," "superb directing" is everywhere audible. Among the singers are many familiar faces: Anna Ellis, Grace Knowles, Gertrude King and others. After the chorus piece there is preparation for a solo and I am puzzled when I see the peculiar piano. The key board is unusually long, the notes going several octaves higher than is customary. Fortunately a member of the audience enlightens me by remarking "She has to have a special piano for her accompaniments, as her voice is so extraordinarily high in range." "How stupid—I might have known," I think, vividly recalling some of Florence's high executions in the re-echoing halls of the Fenway building. But other wonders are awaiting me in this same picture. Another solo is awaited and soon a familiar figure enters with quiet self-assurance. Not a trace of nervousness can I discern, and so it is that while the face is Anna Ellis', the calm composure makes me question my eyes for a moment. But I am in no doubt when a mellow, deep contralto voice rings out; passionate, rich, and perfectly controlled. The audience applauds most vigorously and I find myself clapping and crying, "We knew you could do it—the Glee Club did the work."

A most interesting study now is revealed. A series of torture chambers lies before me; a chain of rooms, in each of which an examination is in process. I see students with wild, hunted expressions, some in utter despair, others in melancholy despondency. Then a girl enters room No. I, and taking a paper reading at the top "two hours," she calmly views it for a moment. After ten minutes of easy and effortless writing, she serenely rises and passes to room II, while the harassed victims gaze after her in wonder and with envy. So she proceeds through the series and after the final test appears as the same placid Emma Conner. Her practice at Simmons has stood her in good stead and now she travels as the "Examination Wonder" to show how it *may* be done.

But interested as I am in this novel scene, the ink relentlessly hlots it and there is pictured a tall girl, dark and graceful. She sits — at a piano, and I know her to be Gertrude King. The music upon the rack for awhile attracts all my attention — a sheet of paper covered with weird hieroglyphics. Finally I discover that she plays from a score of musical shorthand and as easily as though the notes were those intelligible to ordinary mortals. She has become the famous "shorthand accompanist," a position, I understand, demanding a phenomenal salary. Incidentally I note that on the piano lies a copy of the Philistine. Faithful yet, Gertrude?

The piece of music, however, has a fascination for me, and I again scan it to see if I can decipher any. I am repaid for my trouble by discovering the title and composer, "'06 Reveries" by one Helen Cashman. "Well," I think, "it's cheerful to know that in the future there will be some '06 reverying"; at present a good march, "'06 Hustling," would be more apropos. I listen awhile to the exquisite melody of the piece, with its pathos and joy, but it grows faint and gradually dies away, and the scene gives place to a view of the slummiest slums of Boston. Tall, dirty tenements rise close and dingy, the streets are filled with a throng of tough youngsters, while men and women lounge in the doorways. I am not long puzzled to know whom I shall see here, for knowing her propensity for sociological

An Inky Glimpse into the Future

work and her unalterable line of once determined action, who else shall it be but Elsie Metcalf? There she is, climbing rickety stairs, investigating dark holes and serving as a guide and mainstay to all the people of the district.

Then suddenly a photograph flashes before me, but of whom I cannot distinguish. Then when in the corner I notice the signature "Partridge," I guess it is Miss Moseley. I am assured of the correctness of my surmise when below the picture I see written the remarks,

MISS MARY MOSELEY.

Foremost Cautious Economist of the day.

Renowned for her motto:

"Let us do nothing rash."

Next Mary Rathbun appears, and I wonder what she is capable of doing after her strenuous year at Simmons. But she is working as energetically as ever, and by overhearing remarks I learn she has become chief reorganizer of broken and breaking college organizations. Her time is filled to the utmost and yet she trots about as smilingly as though never a care had she.

A pompadour comes bobbling along and beneath it I discover the familiar face of Teddy Winn, a pile of heavy books under her arm and a broad smile upon her lips. She is on the way to give her famous imitative monologue of — we won't say whom, — but I remember well her powers in that direction and how I wish I could go to hear her — I know that even I should enjoy a hearty laugh. Behind her comes a tall fair girl and I am slightly amused to learn that Annie Studley is a governess to seven small children — and yet she smiles!

As I look at these two there flashes into sight a wonderful building, entirely of glass. Every window I observe (with accuracy bred of cataloging) is raised six and three-quarter inches, every ventilator open two and seven-eighths inches and every door tightly shut. As I look about, I suddenly hear, "Well! I simply cannot stand it!" and a familiar figure moves to a window to raise it to seven inches. How that brings back old times! As I watch, the figure speaks again, "Really, I shall faint," and the window reaches seven and one-quarter inches. It would be amusing were it not pathetic, and when I see a nurse enter and soothingly whisper, "It's all right, it's all right," I assure you I am on the verge of tears. Such a career as I marked for Minerva Hubbard, and to see her here in an asylum for monomaniacs, is indeed frightful in its pathos. Even while I think, she closes the window, opens a door — but I shut my eyes to obliterate the affecting scene and when I open them I am happy to look upon a promisingly cheerful view. May Hurley is shorthanding at a blinding rate with her right hand, typewriting at the same time with her left. A man is dictating to her and from the letter it is easily deducted that May is chief secretary to a prominent shoe manufacturer. As I watch he draws a check for her salary, but it would be discouraging to name the sum. It is the reward of four years of A's and H's and is made up of many ciphers, — well preceded.

This scene gradually changes into a picture presenting every color, shade, tint and hue. It is dazzling, blinding, and I am bewildered until in the midst of the turmoil I see mild little Edith Emery. When I know that she has be-

An Inky Glimpse into the Future

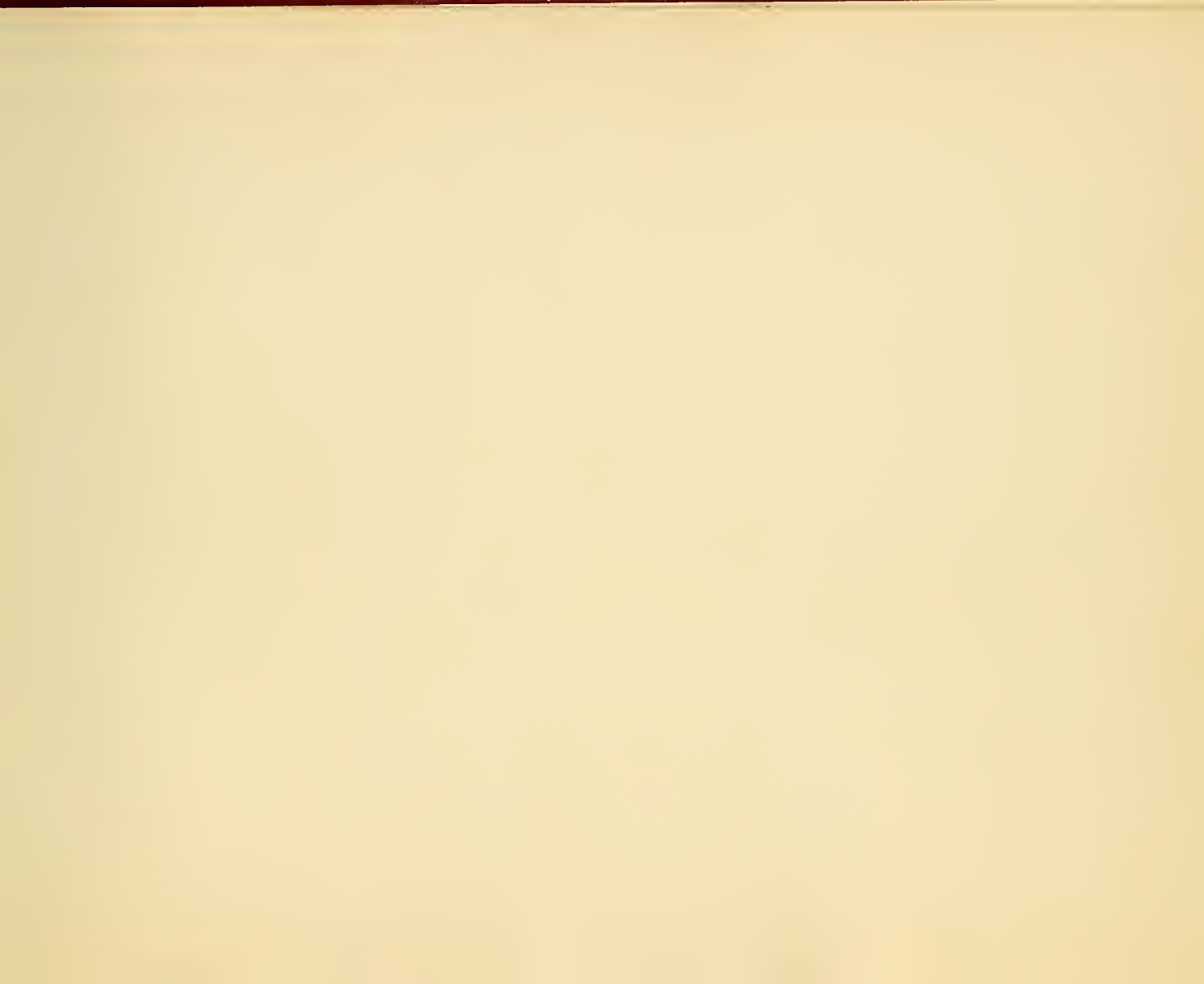
come chemical experimenter of the New National Chemical Institution I am a bit disappointed. I should have thought the experiences of our four years would have been sufficient to keep her from the cruel occupation of brewing heathenish concoctions for innocent Chemistry I. victims to un-brew.

But if this picture saddens me a bit I am brightened as the last view flashes onto the field. There is Lucy Elder addressing an interested audience upon the subject, "Our rights,— shall they be ignored?" and I am so interested in listening to the decided and novel views presented that it seems no time before the scene becomes indistinct and finally disappears. In vain I wait for more, it is over, this glimpse, imperfect though it be, into the uncertain future and before me there lies a very soiled, ink-bespattered blotter.

But the pictures have left me a bit dreamy and so it seems very suitable when suddenly from somewhere I catch the strains of Rubinstein's *Melody in F*, and the words reach me, "Come 1906, lift your voices in song, here round the red rose we ever will throng." I gaze a little reflectively through the open window into the green budding Fenway, the sky a transparent blue, the earth wearing a wonderfully hopeful aspect. Then there drifts into sight a white cloud and I wish what I have done so often before, that I were a poet, then I am sure this cloud would be the class of 1906 on the sea of life and I should find there a beautiful simile. But it's of no use,— I'm not a poet and the scene to me simply means; "We're a pretty fair sort of class after all, and a mighty good crowd of comrades, and though we may seemingly drift far apart in years to come, yet will we always be bound together by the strong bonds of college memories."

THERESA B. WALLEY.





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